

A Couple of Idiots

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Summary:

Based on a Tumblr prompt from my Ask Box

richie and eddie play the betting game. (Is that what it's called?) he says to Eddie "I bet you can't pretend to date me for a month without falling In love with me" And eddie being his feisty self is like "well I bet YOU can't pretend to date me for a month without falling in love with me" they agree that the first one to fall in love loses but jokes on them because they fall in love with each other

A Couple of Idiots

Richie Tozier was an idiot.

Now make no mistake, Richie Tozier was in the running for valedictorian, and was managing a solid 3.87 GPA. Which is why there's literally no explanation as to why Richie agreed to a bet that entailed him not falling in love with someone he's already in love with.

Eddie and him had been taking playful jabs at one another over who between the two was more desirable all afternoon as they sat by the shore of the quarry. Of course, Playful jabs that led all the way up to Eddie betting Richie that he couldn't fake date him for a month without falling in love with him. Richie was never one to back down from a challenge, even if it was inevitable that he'd lose.

So of course, Richie scoffs and says, "I fall in love with *you* ? Please, Eds, *you* can't date *me* for a month without falling in love." He jabs a finger into Eddie's chest.

Only jokes on Richie because he's been in love with Eddie for years, so this entire bet is basically just suicide. However, on the bright side, Richie got to date Eddie for a month, and both of their intentions would be to try to sweep each other off one another's feet.

The first day Richie's meant to take Eddie out, it occurs to him that he talks a big game but has absolutely no idea how to plan a proper date that doesn't involve going to the local diner, and it's going to take a lot more than sloppy burgers and milkshakes to make Eddie fall in love with him. However, Richie's not the most imaginative,

and certainly not on such short notice, so instead of eating burgers and drinking milkshakes at a diner, they eat them in the park on a picnic blanket.

Eddie chortles as he climbs into Richie's truck, spying the take out bag.

"Burgers? You really know how to woo a guy, Trashmouth." Eddie teases.

"Don't speak so soon, Eds, everyone knows I really shine with my charming conversation." Richie glints over at Eddie in the passenger's seat.

Eddie flashes a smile back, and for a brief moment Richie goes into cardiac arrest before he puts the truck into drive and heads to the park.

As it turns out, Richie is really charming Eddie finds. It's not like it's surprising, he's got all the traits that'd make him charming; Devilish smile, big eyes with long eyelashes, smooth talker. Of course he's charming. He'll flirt with Eddie, and Eddie will roll his eyes but when the comment is followed up with a charm soaked grin, Eddie's heart skips a beat and he hopes it isn't obvious. Only it is obvious. Richie can see the soft flush of Eddie's cheeks, and he can see the soft falter in the rise and fall of Eddie's chest when he makes sly comments.

In a strange flurry of events, Richie and Eddie are sat painfully close, arms touching, Richie slowly leaning into Eddie. He leans so close, until they're sharing a breath. That's when Eddie bows his head,

dodging Richie's mouth and nudging their foreheads together.

"Richie..." Eddie says softly, his tone warning.

"Mm?" Richie hums in response.

"We have a whole month, what's the fun in kissing me day one?"

Richie draws away from Eddie, groaning as he does. "I could give you an endless list of reasons why kissing day one would be fun." He says, earning a chuckle from Eddie. "Reason one, kissing day one means like thirty more days of kissing."

Eddie rolls his eyes. "Slow your roll, Romeo. If you play your cards right, you'll get a lot more than just 30 days." Eddie says. "Now, take me home, will you?" Eddie teases as he stands.

Richie sighs and looks up at Eddie who's now looming over him. Richie reaches up to shield his eyes from the sun and in that moment he realizes how lovely Eddie looks. He's just wearing a t shirt and shorts like any other day, but the sun halos around his head, coating his brown hair in gold, the sun catches on his cheekbones as he faces away from it.

"You're kind of beautiful, Eds." Richie says, hating how honest he sounded saying it.

Eddie hates how it makes him flush. "Come on, get up Tozier." Eddie holds a hand out, trying to ignore how hot his cheeks felt.

Eddie would be lying if he said he hadn't always felt a little something for Richie. Problem is, Richie's distracting from himself. The minute Eddie thinks Richie's charming, he says something gross. Richie could be pretty if it weren't for the stupid faces he pulled. Some days he'll come to the quarry in a properly matching outfit, catches Eddie's attention, then the next day he wears two clashing patterns and everything goes out the window. Though, despite his contradictions, Eddie still finds Richie endearing in more way than one.

It comes Eddie's turn to take Richie out, and he finds himself just as hopeless as Richie probably was. To his detriment, Derry is small and there's not much to do when given a romantic setting. Especially when you're both 16 and broke.

"What do I do? I'm trying to get him to fall in love with me, and who falls in love with someone who takes them to a fucking arcade?" Eddie says into the receiver to Ben,

Ben chuckles to himself, knowing Eddie doesn't need to do much to get Richie to fall in love with him. Though, he helps anyway. "Take him to that little cave by the quarry." Ben suggests. "You know, the one where water gets trapped, and the water from up stream falls over the entrance? That's pretty romantic, right? Just the two of you, going for a swim."

Eddie mulls the suggestion over in his head. It's not bad. The cave is really cool. The stream that flows into the quarry drops off about 9 feet, and under it rests a cave. Water streams in from the roof of the

cave, like a waterfall. It's like a little piece of paradise. It's not very big, so when the group goes out together, they tend to stay in the open.

"Okay, yea, great idea." Eddie sighs. "You're a life saver, Ben." Eddie says.

"Yea, of course. Have fun, and tell me all about it in study hall tomorrow, okay?" Ben reminds Eddie.

"I will." Eddie says, and hangs up.

So Eddie takes Richie to the quarry, which immediately earns the same teasing he'd dished on Richie for buying burgers.

"Oh, so I get shit for burgers, but you can take me to the quarry and think it's okay?" Richie snorts as Eddie parks by the road off end of the quarry.

"We live in the dinkiest town ever, what do you want from me? Also shut the fuck up, it's special, okay?" Eddie says. "Also what was it you said? Something about shining with conversation?"

Richie laughs at that. Once out of the car, they walk towards the quarry in silence. They can both feel some sort of tension hanging in the air around them. The backs of their hands continue to graze one another, only making the tension worse. So Eddie bites the bullet and grasps Richie's hand.

Startled, Richie glances at Eddie, who's looking down, watching where his feet fall on the path. Richie ignores the heart palpitations.

Once they round the quarry, it clicks in Richie's head that they're headed to the cave by the stream, and he realizes that Eddie was right; It is kind of special. Richie tosses his towel on the grass by the stream, and Eddie pulls his shirt over his head and kicks his shoes off. As Eddie turns to carefully lower himself into the water, Richie watches the way the small muscles on Eddie's back contract as he moves.

Just then, Eddie turns, startling Richie who pretends he wasn't staring at Eddie.

"Coming?"

"Patience, Eds." Richie retorts, making Eddie shake his head.

They swim for what feels like hours, playing games of Marco and Polo that result in one of the two cheating, or trying to wrestle the other under the water. Eventually, they find themselves relaxing, Richie wading in the water while Eddie lies on the rock ledge of the cave interior.

"How do you even see without your glasses?" Eddie asks as he watches Richie squint around the cave.

“I don’t.” Richie responds. “Not really, anyway. I can see you, kind of.” Richie gestures in Eddie’s direction. “You’re mostly just a fuzzy mess of beige, but I can still tell you’re cute as all hell.”

Eddie laughs through a blush. “Shut the fuck up, Richie.” He says in a half hearted angry tone, overpowered by his own laughter.

Richie laughs, wading towards Eddie. “What is it, Eds? Falling for me already?” He teases.

“You wish, Trashmouth.” Eddie retorts.

“You’re not wrong.” Richie responds.

Richie hoists his upper body up onto the rock ledge to lure over Eddie as lays there. Eddie blinks up at him, admiring the way his eyes looked without glasses. Still deep and dark, but...prettier, because they weren’t three times their actual size. Just as Eddie begins to get lost in Richie’s deep, dark eyes, Richie begins to press closer to him, ever slowly. This time, though, he lets Richie close the gap, pressing their lips together.

Bringing a hand up, Eddie weaves his hand into Richie’s wet mop of hair. Richie wraps his arms around Eddie’s bare torso, pressing their chests together. Somehow Richie manages to drag Eddie into the water with him, wrapping his arms fully around Eddie, pulling him as close to him as he can. Eddie drinks Richie in as they kiss.

Richie's tongue grazes Eddie's lower lip, and he takes the hint and opens his mouth, allowing Richie to lick into his mouth. Eddie responds by gently taking Richie's bottom lip between his teeth as he breaks the kiss.

Once he releases Richie's lip, he speaks. "So the first date was too soon, but you'll make out with me on the second?" Richie teases.

"Shut up, Richie." Eddie sighs as he kisses Richie again.

From that point, Eddie and Richie forget that this is a bet. Weeks of dates, picnics and swimming in the quarry, and occasionally making out in Richie's car.

Eddie finds that Richie makes falling very easy. Falling for Richie feels about as second nature to Eddie as taking a hit from his inhaler does. He forgets entirely that he's not actually supposed to fall for Richie.

Richie didn't think it possible for his heart to beat harder than it already did any time he was around Eddie. But here he is, in the backseat of his own truck, lying across the bench seat, Eddie on top of him, lips attached to Richie's neck and Richie's heart trying to beat through his ribcage.

It's Beverly who reminds Richie that it was a bet.

"It's been over a month." Beverly states plainly, passing a lit cigarette

to Richie.

“What?”

“The bet you and Eddie made at the quarry that one day, remember? It’s been over a month and you’ve not mentioned anything.” Beverly says.

“Oh,” Richie mutters, taking a drag. “Yea, I guess it’s been a while, we just forgot.”

“Who won? Do you know?” Beverly asks.

“I mean, I definitely didn’t.” Richie shrugged.

Beverly snorts. “Yea, obviously. Do you think Eddie’s into you like that?”

Richie laughs. “Unless he’s just a *really* good actor, I’d say so.”

And so that night, a tap comes at Eddie’s window. It’s not unfamiliar to him, the sound. It beckons him from his seat and he stands to draw the curtains back to find Richie squatting on the roof outside his window. Eddie smirks and opens the window, leaning out to Richie.

“Hi.” Eddie smiles.

Richie ducks his head and pecks Eddie. “Hello, my love.” Richie enthuses as Eddie moves aside to let him slip inside. “I came to talk to you about something.”

That strikes a bit of panic into Eddie, and apparently it’s evident because Richie chuckles and places his hands on Eddie’s shoulders.

“No sweat, Eds, nothing bad.” Richie says, the flops onto Eddie’s bed. “It’s about that bet we both managed to forget making.”

“Oh fuck.” Is all Eddie can squeak out before chuckling. “Yea, I guess we did forget.”

“I wanted to tell you I lost.” Richie says casually, but it takes Eddie back. “To be fair, I lost before we even started.”

“Wait, what?” Eddie asks, furrowing his brows.

“Oh, yea, I’ve loved you for like years, Eds, wasn’t it obvious.”

It was obvious, but Eddie’s fucking oblivious. He interpreted flirting as teasing, compliments as friendly comments, Richie’s gentle touches as...he never had an answer for those, actually, he just assumed that was just Richie. Though, he failed to notice he was the only one receiving gentle touches.

“I...” Eddie can’t quite figure out what to say in response.

“It’s okay if you don’t feel it back, or whatever, I just felt like you deserved to know.”

Eddie sits on the end of his bed, pressing his back up against Richie’s raised leg. “You’re an idiot, Richie.” Eddie laughs, before leaning down and kissing him quickly, then drawing back and saying, “You’re an idiot if you think I would have spent a month making out with you in your gross truck all for some stupid bet.”

Author's Note:

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